

## **At Least It's Not The Upside Down This Time by Psychic Karate**

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**Summary:** Will gets stuck in a chair. Eleven laughs. Mike probably doesn't get his homework done in time. (Oneshot, based on Millie and Noah's legendary livestream.)

## At Least It's Not The Upside Down This Time

A/N: A short oneshot I have not proofread but am going to post anyway. Based on that legendary livestream in which Noah Schnapp gets stuck in a chair, and that one anon on tumblr. Oh, and it takes place in the 'Eleven did not disappear at the end of season 1 but instead kills the demogorgon safely and now lives with the Byers' AU which I love!

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When the phone rang, Mike was in the middle of doing his English homework, which meant he wasn't in a good place mentally. English had always been his worst subject. And the worksheets that formed a seemingly infinite pile of grammar practice weighed down on his mood the more he looked at them, some of which he may or may not have put off until the last minute. So when the phone rang, he was almost glad to have the excuse to stop staring at them even for the amount of time it would take to pick up the phone and tell whoever it was that his mom or Nancy weren't home.

He rose from his chair and went over to the wall, pulling the telephone to his ear. "Hello?" he asked. Or at least, he tried to say, because he was immediately interrupted by a frantic cry and the sound of crashing, a tinny metal-against-metal sound that made him cringe.

Mike's heart leapt in his throat when he recognized Will's voice.

"Will?!"

*"Mike! I need your help!"*

More crashing. Mike's grip on the phone tightened unconsciously, a horrible feeling running through him. In the background, he thought he could detect some kind of sound - was that laughter?

"What - what is it?!"

*"Just - if you can - come over here! Quick! Please, I need your help-"*

Whatever words Will was going to say next, he didn't get a chance to hear, because the phone emitted a few more bursts of static, and abruptly went quiet,

"Will?! *Will!*" At this point, Mike was thoroughly and completely freaked. He didn't even bother placing the phone back into the monitor, running straight out of his house and leaving his English worksheets behind to stew on the tabletop.

He swung over on his bike and pedaled as fast as he possibly could, heading down the familiar route to Will's house. Thousands of thoughts raced through his mind, his heart trying in vain to keep up with them - what if the demogorgon had come back for him? What if bullies were beating him up? Speaking of bullies, what if Lonnie had come visiting, and... well, he'd heard plenty from just visiting Will's house on occasion. He swallowed thickly, forcing himself to concentrate on pedaling.

Mike arrived at the Byers house in a few minutes, which seemed like ages to him, and with a pounding heart and shaking legs he ran down to the front door, threw it open, and dashed inside. "Will!" he yelled desperately, the sound of shuffling coming from nearby. His thoughts immediately jumped to the worst case scenario, which was Lonnie. "Will, I'm here, what- what's going..."

He stopped dead on his tracks once he had found his friend, pausing as his gaze landed on him, trailed over to Eleven (who was gasping for air in between bouts of hysterical laughter), and then back to Will.

"...how did you manage to do this to yourself?" was the only thing he could say.

Will squirmed uncomfortably, the gap between the seat and the back of a metal folding chair pressing uncomfortably on his midsection, with his head stuck in the hole in the back. He took another hobbling step, the chair forcing him to be nearly completely doubled over, and he flailed his hands helplessly from where they were pinned to his sides. "I don't know! I just fell, and I-"

Eleven had been putting up a formidable fight in holding back her

mirth, but tears were streaming out of her eyes, and she gave up, full-bellied laughs escaping her mouth that Mike had never heard come from her before. They shook her entire body, and her hair, which by now had grown past her ears, rippled with the force of them.

"Chair," she gasped, a hand flapping in his direction. "He's stuck!"

Indeed, Will was stuck in a folding chair.

And despite himself, despite the unfinished English homework due the next day he had just abandoned, despite the fear and panic he had just gone through, despite the burn in his legs he had no doubt he was going to feel the next day from pedalling so hard - Mike joined in on laughing, too.

Then he went over and helped free Will, which actually took much more maneuvering than he expected, upon which he had to ask, again: "*How* did you do this to yourself?!"

Will laughed, too, slowly extracting his head from the hole in the back which Mike held steady.

"I don't know. I fell. I was drawing with El and then I tripped... and this happened." He winced as he banged his chin, but Mike held it steady and in a few moments finally lifted the chair off and over the smaller boy. Will, finally freed, celebrated with a cheer and a bear hug to everyone in his immediate vicinity.

"You know, El and I should ban you from folding chairs of any kind," Mike said once Will released him, only half-joking.

"What?" Will protested, trying in vain to hold back a growing smile.

"For your own good," El insisted, and the whole room erupted in giggles again when she rose and proceeded to take the chair far, far, far away from Will.